

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

The Celebrated "Black Cat" Club of Paris—Visiting a Parisian Garden Where Acquaintance Kitchens Into Matrimony.

M. Damala, Sarah Bernhardt's "Costly Luxury"—Fountainbleau, Where Napoleon was Divorced from Josephine, Signed His Abdication and Parted With the "Old Guard."

Special Correspondence.

RUE DE Clichy, Paris, September 12.—Our home during our stay in Paris this time has not been at a hotel, but a very homelike and delightful pension in the Rue de Clichy, quite near the home of Victor Hugo in his earlier years and also the one in which he remained later in life. Do not suppose that I am endeavoring to "ring in" the puff bludge or the puff direct for the Rue de Clichy pension, for this is not at all necessary. We are here at the usual rates and consider it a favor when an American friend writes to us of the agreeable quarters he had found, for a homelike pension, according to American ideas, is a rare thing in Paris, and this pension is the best of its kind of French and American life from a modest ten francs per day point of view.

Have you a question to the "Chat Noir" (Black Cat) I have been asked in the Rue de Clichy some of the "old guard" which belong to the fourth estate and know all that is "going on." What is the "Black Cat" is a question that was asked rather doubtfully—you never know what you are going to pull up against in Paris. But we were told that the "Black Cat" was all right, and the gentleman aforesaid, who has been long a resident of Paris and is married to a French lady, volunteered with his wife to act as escort to this curious resort, and we were told that one always of Barum's "cherry-colored" cat—black cherries, as he explained to his audience when the black cat was let out of the bag upon the stage.

The Black Cat in Paris is quite different from Barum's. It is a club house in the Rue Favart frequented by journalists and artists—dramatic and other—especially the younger members of these liberal professions. It is an ordinary house, with an extraordinary window and a swing lamp in front of the door. Instead of the high narrow windows usual in French houses this has one high wide window filled in with stained glass in lurid colors, and the lamp has also a revolutionary aspect, huddled by a somewhat sickly display of grass. The steps to the doorway and the doorway itself are narrow, but they are guarded by a tremendous individual—a giant warrior in fourteenth century costume, with helmet and surcoat. He is not half so formidable as he looks, in fact he is good-natured, and admitted us most politely. The ground floor is occupied as a sort of restaurant, at the tables of which both men and women were seated, some very nice, lady-like looking women, too.

The regular "meeting" room, reading room, etc., of the club are up stairs, and we were invited to go up and make ourselves at home. The stairs were narrow, but the welcome was wide, and we made our way to the second floor, the president, who is also the proprietor of the building and the founder of the club, explaining some of the emblematic devices as exhibited in the Chat Noir, and the decoration is contributed by members, to the decoration of the walls. The reading room has a copy of Holbein's Madonna, and the meeting room is decorated with portraits of the founders of the club, the lady in the length and in a striking historic costume. The club issues a paper which is called Chat Noir, and which has for a featured a black cat, with its back decidedly up.

There were small tables in the meeting room, evidently used for purposes of refreshments, and speakers or proceedings grow prosy. We utilized one of these for the Black Cat's benefit, and listened to the excited talk or rather raved at the active-gesticulations of a group near us, one of which was said to be a well-known writer for Figaro. We left before the meeting or any considerable number of the habitués had assembled, for our friends wished us to see the Parisian Black Cat under another form, and knew that the only way was to see it early.

"I shall not tell you where I am going to take you," said our friend, "but you will not be afraid to go where I am willing to take my wife," and the lady seemed her husband's notion, and said there would be nothing where we were going alarming or disagreeable. We walked quite a distance through the busy, brightly lighted streets and stopped before the broad steps of a public garden on the Boulevard Montmartre. "This is not a notorious place, like the Jardin Mabille," said our friend, that has no longer an existence, but it is one of the public resorts of Paris, where young men and women meet where relations are formed, temporary or otherwise, but which are really frequented by a very respectable class of young married working people as well, and in many ways is a curious institution, not half as black as it is painted. Gendarmes stood at each stage of the entrance and guarded the doors, and every walk and avenue is under police surveillance.

Young women come there alone, and although this renders them liable to attention the reverse of respectful, yet everyone has a right to claim and can secure protection, and be guarded to her home at the wishes. At the hour of the evening at which we entered (nearly o'clock) the garden presented a very attractive appearance, and a very orderly one as well; the broad walks and avenues are outlined and traversed by rows of electric lights, and the flowers and shrubbery were fresh and bright as in a real garden. It was well filled by people of apparently the working class, but not differing from the artisan or small trading class anywhere, and there was a sprinkling of some who were better dressed and belonged in an undoubtedly different circle. There was an entire absence at that hour of the rowdy element, which is so conspicuous with us; and indeed it was a fine chance to express itself under the rigid police surveillance which compels every man who enters to undergo scrutiny when he gives up his walking stick or umbrella. The dress of the women surprised me, and I was surprised to find that they were not dressed in the usual manner of the French women, but in some respects that of the women of any other country. It is the only nation in the world where the men are chambermaids and the women waitresses, and where the women spectrally control the retail business.

We left before ten o'clock, not wishing to outstay the "orderly" element. From the Boulevard Montmartre we took our way past the Madeleine—a handsome church in the style of the Baroque, who remain in existence and confirmation, a take place to the Place de l'Opera. It was a Wagner night, and the



GRAND OPERA HOUSE

grand entrance, the finest probably in the world presented a brilliant appearance. We stopped at one of the cafes for an ice and then proceeded to the Champs Elysees, which at that hour and on Sunday evening present a scene of excitement. The wide, beautiful grounds and promenades leading toward the Arc de Triomphe, are crowded with open-air concert halls, each of which is fitted up as a drawing room and made radiant with electric lights clustered, grouped and ranged in fantastic and ingenious forms. The music can be enjoyed outside of the hall, for two seats, and the additional advantage of being out of doors from one part of the grounds to another, a privilege of which thousands avail themselves. It was in this way we finished our "Black Cat" evening in Paris.

Beyond the Opera House and the Theatre Francaise, which all Americans feel bound to see, we have had little time to attend Parisian theatres. Juliet was not playing; she was out to America with a World Warbler which I doubtless will describe long before this issue. The Opera House presented a magnificent spectacle, for it was a Wagner night, "Siegfried" the opera, and Mme. Caron, Brunehild. The singing could easily be heard, but the setting, the scenic, orchestral and spectacular effects are unapproachable. At the Theatre Francaise, on the contrary, there is no scene at all, at least nothing that would be called scenery in any way, but the acting is excellent, what it should be. It is perfect, and the members of the company take any part that suits themselves and the play, great or small.

There is one here, however, that I greatly desired to attend in order to see its principal actress, Mme. Jane Hading. It is only



MAD. HARDING, IN LADY CLAIRE.

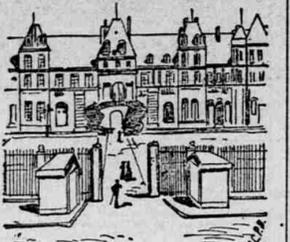
short time since Jane Hading—her true name, and a singular one for a girl born and bred, as far as I can learn, in Paris—was undistinguished from the other young women in the theatre to have performed utility business and were her associates and competitors. But by some accident she was called upon to play Claire in "Le Maître des Forges," and she made the same sort of instant success in the part that Clara Morris achieved years ago in Alice. She took the town by surprise. Miss Hading also impressed her manager that he proposed and they were married, and that is why she is now Mme. "Jane Hading." Mme. Hading is a young, delicate, spirituelle looking woman, with a curious suggestion of Clara Morris in some of her looks and ways, though younger and very different in her personal appearance, and taken together she shows great refinement in her dress, and in the five different costumes worn in "Le Maître des Forges" displayed no less than 200 such as a pin at the throat, the lace at which she assisted with a knot of narrow ribbon, even that of the bridal dress. The revival of this play and her appearance in her original part was an attraction not to be resisted, especially as M. Damala, the sometime husband of Sarah Bernhardt, had been specially engaged to play the master. In her atelier a few days before Mme. Sarah had acknowledged that she was charming a real luxury in fact, but a costly one—too costly for her purse. She wanted to see the "luxury" and I did a very amiable, gentlemanly looking man, not a man who may be inclined to stoutness as grows older, but in other hands he might be otherwise, and an actor quite capable of staying up in his merits. The cost of going to the theatre in Paris is quite as great as in New York notwithstanding the subventions, and there is one comfort for women, especially American women—they can wear their bonnets. The dress is exactly the same as with us, it is that of the street rather than that of the drawing room, and therefore no special preparation need be made—a great saving of trouble and weariness to the tourist.



M. DAMALA.

There were a thousand things in Paris that we wished to do that we had to resign, but we were determined to secure a trip to Fontainebleau, and it was a "house party" was organized, and "our lady" volunteered to pack a hamper, and knowing how to do it as well as if she had been on American "excursions" all her life, we made a picnic of it, and enjoyed it all amazingly. Fontainebleau and its forest is, to my mind, better worth seeing than Versailles and Trianon, and if I had to sacrifice one to the other it would be Versailles that would have to go, but it is a matter of indifference to me. As it was we did not have to decide between them, as all the party had seen Versailles on previous visits to Paris, and some of its members Fontainebleau also several times. Fontainebleau has this in common with Versailles that both derive their principal interest from the possession of a palace of historic importance, but the interest attached to the former is more varied and its fine forest is always there, while the artificial water-works of Versailles only play on Sundays. But Fontainebleau is not visited by such crowds or so frequently by short-trip tourists, because it is a longer distance and a more expensive journey—the excursion takes a whole day and should either be made with a guide or a party in order to get satisfaction out of it. The village of Fontainebleau is about forty miles from Paris and takes nearly two hours by train to reach.

The railway station, also (Gare de Lyon) on the Boulevard Diderot, and past the Place de la Bastille, is decidedly "out of the way," so that the trip is not "easy." But it pays well for time and trouble. The palace was originally a fortress, built in the twelfth century, but the building as it stands was the work of Francis I. to whom it is owed more than to any other monarch, for which has contributed to its greatness.



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

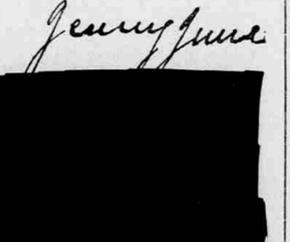
The structure, though enlarged by Henry IV. and restored by the Emperor Napoleon and Louis Philippe, has never been materially changed, but preserves very much the same aspect which it presented to the great art and luxury-loving king, when visited by the great master of Italian art and architecture, to whom he was the most liberal and magnificent of patrons. There are many interesting incidents connected with Fontainebleau. Napoleon signed his abdication here, and in the court of the palace took leave of his Old Guard. Here also the divorce was signed by Napoleon, which separated him from Josephine, and Pius VII. having been held a prisoner by the same tyrannical will that he consented to the act and the second marriage of the ambitious Emperor. Fontainebleau was a favorite residence



BEDROOM OF NAPOLEON I.

his bed chamber, the little room beyond with the small round table upon which he signed his abdication, and the Throne Room, famous for its ceiling and a beautiful rock crystal chandelier. The bedroom is richly decorated, but the remarkable incident it contains is a "cannon" clock, said to have been presented to Napoleon by Pius VII. The galleries of Francis I., Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers show magnificent frescoes, and there are of course quantities of splendid Gobelin tapestries, which is now of priceless value, but time would fail and space also in an endeavor to enumerate the various objects. We did not try to see the room under the gallery of Diana, where Queen Christina of Sweden murdered or caused to be murdered her former favorite, Count Mordaqui, but we saw the poor fellow's coat of mail and then took ourselves to the forest, where near the Fort of the Emperor we took our lunch, and where, from the summit of the miniature fortress, we obtained the finest view of the forest and its wonderfully picturesque features, of which it is impossible to give an idea in an outline sketch.

The forest of Fontainebleau is a great rendezvous for artists, and it is near here I believe that Miss Elizabeth Strong has established herself as an animal painter. This girl, the most courageous of young American artists, is a native of Connecticut, but came here from California. Twice she earned the money to take herself to Europe—the first time she absorbed by her only near relative, the second time she managed to put it in the bank and started, with only a shawl in her trunk for warmth and protection. A lady, however, who admired her courage and believed in her genius, subsequently aided some necessary articles to the stock. She is now a painter of acknowledged merit, has been admitted to the Salon, and has more orders than she can execute. Paris has been a good mother to many poor and struggling American artists. Young men of equal courage, who give their invaluable time without charge, and all the benefit of their suggestion, advice, criticism and direction. But I must stop. It is as hard to tell where to leave off as to begin in this Paris, which is wicked to the wicked, but often good to those whose purpose is good and who go directly to work to accomplish it. Miss Leigh's success in work without means, without knowledge, with little brains and no friends, is proof of this.



Jenny June



MILAN I.

The recent revolt in Roumelia is of great significance and promise to affect the other Balkan States. Servia, which has been the bone of contention between the great powers for many years is directly affected thereby and King Milan favors the uprising and revolt. He has also announced himself as being in favor of the union of the smaller Balkan states thus forming a great Slavonic Power.

JUMBO'S SUCCESSORS.

Elephants Dying out of the World.—Big, Bad and Dead Elephants—The Discipline Administered to Several Refractory Ones.

Only a few years have elapsed since the London Spectator declared it quite likely that if Jumbo attained the natural limit of his life, 150 years, he might be the last of his race on the globe. The production of the 1,200,000 pounds of ivory used in England alone every year necessitates the death of 30,000 elephants, and from various causes the annual death rate of this most interesting of quadrupeds is estimated at not less than 100,000. Breeding in captivity must, then, be depended on eventually to propagate the species, and how far successful this has been may be inferred from the general rejoicing among show people when at rare intervals a baby elephant is born.

In death Jumbo, by his tusks alone, proves his immense value. Ivory at Liverpool has brought as high as £1,200 a ton. In 1879 it went down to 3600 a ton, but has since advanced nearly a hundred per cent. The dead mammoth's tusks entitle him to the rank accorded him of preeminence in size over any elephant ever brought to America. There is a great beast which has for nine years never left his prison cage at Moscow which is twelve inches higher than Jumbo was. There are "timber toters" among the draught elephants on the banks of the Ganges thirteen feet high, and from whose number a greater Jumbo might readily be procured. But there will never be a more docile, and consequently, aside from his size, less interesting elephant on exhibition.

Bad elephants, elephants on their travels, and dead elephants are the most interesting, by all odds, except, of course, the intelligent beasts which are paraded in Sunday school books and first readers for the delectation of the young, and which have no existence anywhere else.

The fish-eating elephant is considered in India the most vicious of his species. In the Himalayas each variety of the semi-savage beast has a name. The rab-lover is called Hinaxat, and turns readily to a man-eater. Another monster, which eats so much fish that his hide becomes scaly, is called Bek. But the famous mad elephant of Munda is conceded to be the worst ever known. For years he had been in the stud of the East India Company. One night he became possessed of a demon, and the next morning broke loose and led to the woods. For weeks that whole province was terror-stricken. With a cunning which could never be anticipated, the mad elephant set hundreds of hunters at defiance, and, creeping on unprotected villages, smashed the huts and trampled the women and children. He had destroyed thirty-five lives when killed.

When Jumbo first came over here the London Times commiserated his unhappy lot, but said it was better after all than the treatment the tribute elephants sent from Burmah to Peking get when they misbehave. They are blinded and tumbled into a great pit to starve.

When the Emperor of Brazil came to Philadelphia in 1876 a newly arrived elephant at the Zoo was named Dom, after him. When Dom became subservient hundreds of people went out to see first one foot chained and then another, until each of the four was fast to a cable running over a pulley wheel, when with a single pull Dom's legs were stretched out, and he was reduced gradually to subjection. Dom had to be punished this way when he was ten years old!

Barnum's big Pilot had to be severely disciplined once for engaging in a regular prize fight with a fellow mammal. Pilot's morning cocktail of twenty-seven gallons of water didn't cool his coppers. One occasion, so he deliberately kicked out and blacked a companion's eye. The rough-and-tumble fight which ensued was exciting. But no elephant is ever so wicked as when he is traveling. In 1880 John Robinson's Chief, while the latter, in the presence of a large crowd, was endeavoring to show how he best climbed into his special railway car. The comedy became a tragedy when Chief seized King by the waist and dashed him to instant death against the side of the car. The crowd of North Carolinians became so enraged that, until the absurdity of the thing dawned upon them, there was actually serious talk of trying to lynch Chief.

The first modern instance of devilry on an elephant's travels was the murder by the Duke of Edinburgh's Poin of his keeper en route from Plymouth to London. Tom had been brought from India in 1870 in H. R. H.'s yacht Galatea, and trumpeted frantic protests when put on the cars. A few minutes afterward he reared and crushed William Paton, his keeper, against the partition.

But the most ferocious elephant spree on record is that of Barnum's Emperor in Troy, N. Y., when in company with Jumbo, the attempt was made to drive him through the streets to the train for Gloversville. Emperor did not want to travel. He first ran through the street to Erastus Corning's iron foundry, and, rushing in, burned his feet badly on the red-hot blooms. Filling the air with shrieks, he ran into a crowded street, trampled Michael Casey, threw P. Maher down an embankment, broke Edward Burke's legs, threw Paddy Burrows twenty feet, broke three of Michael Minahan's ribs, pulled Mrs. Moulton off the stoop where she sat with her husband, and proceeded to run amuck until he had done \$4,000 worth of damage, at a low valuation. Mr. Hutchinson gladly paid this sum in satisfaction, and fortunately no loss of life resulted, Emperor being finally rolled into the car.

Bolivar, until Jumbo the biggest elephant in America, was brought by Mr. Forepaugh from the East Indies and via New York to Philadelphia. No sooner had Bolivar's special car been

closed on him in Jersey City than he began to rage. He drove A. J. Forepaugh out of the car at the forks point.

Great improvements have been made in special cars for elephants. In 1879 the English experimented on the transportation of these beasts for use in the Afghan war, and found that the cattle cars used on Indian railways made excellent elephant cars when the freight was placed in the center, fenced in with six stout shafts and held down by four anklets to the floor. If Jumbo had been any taller it is doubtful if his car could have been hauled through many railway tunnels.

When "His Sublime Grandeur, the Court and Body Elephant of the King," dies in Siam, the rest of the court have a very unpleasant time for thirty days. The last body elephant went mad one night and trampled five attendants to death. On the next morning an effort was made to corral his sacred body in a ring of "holy bamboo." He broke loose again, and in a frenzy fell over and died. All the court were punished severely.

A distressing death was that of the elephant Romeo, at Booneville, Mo., in Barnum, Baily & Hutchinson's circus. Romeo was very large, and was valued at \$35,000. The machinery for lighting the tents by electricity had just been set going. Romeo came by and touched the armature with his trunk, in an instant it was carried away, torn off at the roots, and he died in a few minutes, suffering terribly.

Old Bolivar, brought to Philadelphia in 1839, thirty-six inches lower, by the way than Forepaugh's Bolivar, was drowned while trying to swim the Delaware in 1846.

Tippoo Saib, who died at Connersville, Ind., in 1871, was fifty years old, and weighed four and one half tons. Empress, who died at the Zoo in 1877, was then the biggest elephant in the United States. Forepaugh's Romeo, the ugliest brute ever brought to the States, died in Chicago in 1872, after having killed three men and destroyed \$50,000 worth of property.

The most dramatic elephant execution of recent date was that of Barnum's Albert at Keene, N. H., on the 20th of last July for the killing of his keeper, James Sweeney, or James McCormick. Loaded with chains, the huge beast was marched to the woods, followed by a big crowd and thirty-three Keene riflemen, who, after Trainer Arstinghall drew a chalk about his heart, shot him dead.

Superstition About Comets.

From "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Professor Andrew D. White, in Popular Science Monthly.

In these beliefs regarding meteors and eclipses there was little calculated to do harm by arousing that superstitious terror which is the worst breeding-bed of cruelty. Far otherwise was it with the beliefs regarding comets. During many centuries they brought terrors which developed the direct superstition and fanaticism; the ancient records of every continent are full of these. One great man, indeed, in the Roman Empire had the scientific instinct and prophetic inspiration to foresee that at some future time the course of comets would be found in accordance with natural law. But this thought of Seneca was soon forgotten; such an isolated utterance could not stand the mass of superstition which upheld the doctrine that comets are "signs and wonders." The belief that every comet is a ball of fire, flung from the right hand of an angry God to warn the groveling dwellers of earth, was received into the early church, transmitted through the middle ages to the Reformation period, and in its transmission and reception was made all the more precious by supposed textual proofs from scripture. The great fathers of the church committed themselves unreservedly to this doctrine. Tertullian declared that "comets portent revolutions of kingdoms, pestilence, war, winds or heat." Origen insisted that they indicate "catastrophes and the downfall of empires and worlds." The Venerable Bede, so justly dear to the English Church, made in the ninth century a similar declaration. St. Thomas Aquinas, the great light of the universal church in the thirteenth century, whose works the Pope now reigning commends as the center of all university instruction, accepted and handed down the same opinion. The sainted Albert the Great, the most noted genius of the mediæval church in natural science, received and developed this theory.

It was seldom that any one got the best of Randolph in verbal encounters. Only a few instances are preserved. One is of a French abbe who, visiting Washington, was one day a guest where Randolph, who was unknown to the abbe, was also a guest. The abbe was asked how he liked the South, and he replied—

"Exceedingly; but I confess to having been a little disappointed—I had heard so much—in the Virginian gentleman."

"Perhaps you were unfortunate in your circle," broke in Randolph, with a sneer. "You did not come to Roanoke, for instance."

"True," said the abbe, covering his evident annoyance at the rude tone with his usual calm smile. "True, the next time I visit Virginia I shall certainly go to Roanoke."

"Gentlemen," answered Randolph, emphasizing the word, "do not come to Roanoke unless they are invited!"

It was a cruel thrust, but the abbe took it in the same placid manner; and, lifting his gray head, paused for a moment to give due emphasis to his words, and then replied looking inquiringly at the other guests:—

"Said I not, messieurs, that I was disappointed in Virginia gentlemen?"

Another Anecdote of John Randolph.

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A Curse to the Country.

The evil effect of Chinese immigration is being felt more keenly than ever before among the white artisans and laborers of British Columbia. Meetings are being daily held to protest against the employment of Chinese labor in that Province to the exclusion of the white population. At one of these meetings held a few days since at Victoria the following resolution was unanimously carried:

"That this meeting, considering the great mistake of the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, in consenting and allowing contractors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of other public works, to employ Chinese coolies on their various works, causing an influx of 20,000 coolies into this Province to the exclusion of a like number of our own race, thus prostituting public works from their legitimate use and end, and, further, thereby setting a bad example, making it almost a matter of necessity on the part of citizens to employ Chinese, comparatively the only labor now available—therefore, expresses its unqualified disapprobation of such misappropriation of public funds, both in the past and for the future, and we hereby demand legislation making the employment of Chinese on any and all public works, in any province of the Dominion, a direct infringement of the rights of the people, and treasonable."

It is shown on unmistakable authority that the government has encouraged Chinese immigration to enable them to carry on the work on the Canadian Pacific railway at a minimum figure. In this way thousands poured into the Province who otherwise would never have crossed the Pacific. The Chinese question will be the main point of issue in British Columbia at the next general election.

Prowess of New York Policemen.

New York policemen possess the good quality of bravery, as a rule. The patrolman who outrageously clubs an inoffensive drunkard one minute will in the next respond so promptly to a call for daring that he commands forgiveness for his previous brutality. An Italian fruit-vender was beset by loafers the other morning, and so exasperated that he drew an immense dirk and stuck it through the heart of his foremost tormentor. He fled into a cellar. The first officer to arrive, seeing that the stabbed man was dead, set out without the slightest hesitation to search for the murderer, alone, in the dark, underground hide-place. Within five minutes he came up with the prisoner, whom he had disarmed and overpowered. The members of the force, though largely appointed through political influence, are required to be under 28 years of age on entering the service, and of perfectly sound and robust physique. This excellence of strength gives confidence; but besides that they are disciplined to act instantly and courageously. Their prowess is fully recognized by professional breakers. Wes Allen, a pickpocket, was accosted in the Grand Central depot recently by a big, burly officer from Syracuse, who showed a warrant for his arrest and tried to take him prisoner. The response was a blow that felled the Syracusean. "No country chump's going to copper me," Wes exclaimed contemptuously. Then a New York policeman of the smallest permissible size, and so much out of health that he had been assigned to indoor duty in the depot, coolly grabbed the thief by the collar and led him unresisting to the nearest station, while the visiting officer followed, admiring the easy feat.—Albany Journal.

When to Laugh.

"There is a man in this city," said a well-known Washington lawyer to the New York Telegram correspondent, "whose chief stock in trade is in knowing when to laugh." "Yes," he continued, "and that man is a southerner, and his profession is that of a lobbyist. He is a smooth talker and always has his hands full of business. One day last winter I was in his company, when he introduced me to a Jerseyman, who had come down to Washington to look after some matters before congress. In the course of the conversation the Jerseyman told a joke—a veritable chestnut. My friend laughed immoderately, but as I had heard the so-called joke a thousand or more times I could not join in the merriment. The next day I met my lobbyist friend, who said: 'I was probably as much bored last night as you were; but the fact that I indulged my Jersey friend and laughed at his stale jokes has brought me debts. Here is his check for \$1,000, which he gave me as a retainer to represent his claim before a committee of the house. Sam Ward,' he continued, 'made fame and fortune by knowing how to feed people. I make money because I know how and when to laugh.'"

A "Fattery"

"Stuck a big scheme out West," said a traveling man to a Chicago Herald reporter. "At Gilmore, 16 miles south of Omaha, a company has started a cattle fattery, if that is a good word. They have expended \$75,000 in the erection of big stables. There are 3,750 stalls, and by winter they will have 5,200 stalls. In each stall they will place a critter, and they will all be fed with food placed before them through a system of pipes. This food is cooked in enormous steam vats having a capacity of 1,000 barrels of feed an hour. They will ship in cattle from the western Nebraska ranches, and fatten them in these stalls. They expect to put 300 pounds of meat on each of 15,000 critters in a year. That represents something like \$260,000 of new meat, not counting the increased value of the original animal, as it were, after he is transformed from a range steer into a fancy beef. Corn and hay are cheap out in that country, and it looks to me as if the cattle fattery—which I understand is the first of its kind in the country—will prove a gold mine for its owners."